

ZELIA, THE YOUNG JEW-  
ESS.

It was a sweet summer eve; the last beams of the setting sun still lingered, as if loath to leave the beautiful scene it had been illuminating. The sky was covered with clouds of gorgeous purple and crimson, and all nature looked more beautiful from their splendid colours and reflected light. Seated at a low window was one, deeply susceptible of the beauty—of the surpassing beauty, on which he gazed and luxuriated; one, perhaps, who, from his very loneliness, was the more open to the love of all that was lovely in nature and nature's God.

Eugene Delmar was indeed a lonely being in the true sense of the word; very early in life deprived of a beloved parent and an only sister, he had, in his capacity of physician, accompanied a dear friend, who was in a decline, to Italy, but the soft breeze and beautiful skies of that lovely land failed to restore the drooping invalid; and again Eugene felt desolate, as he heard the gods fall heavy on the only being bound to him by love.

He was musing on passages of his early life and feelings of bitterness had arisen to cloud his fine face, and dim his large deep blue eye; his head rested on his hand, he was lost to earth and its cares, when a servant entered and handed him a note, which unconsciously he murmured aloud:

'You are requested, if you possess humanity, (which so many of your sect are devoid of,) to come to my house; my daughter lies at the point of death; none of my people can do aught to save my drooping flower from an untimely withering: you are said to possess skill beyond that of man; come then, save my child, and wealth untold—all that you can desire, shall be yours.'

A few inquiries served to inform the physician, that he who so earnestly desired his services, was a Jew, one of the elders of that persecuted people, a man of strong mind exceeding wealth, and the widowed father of one beautiful child, a girl of 15. With the amiable physician, suffering was a sufficient recommendation to his care and attention; but when the object was young and a female, it is not surprising that his sympathies were keener and warmer for he was not yet thirty!

He hastened to obey the summons, and was soon standing by the couch of the beautiful, but apparently dying girl. Extreme youth and loveliness were imprinted on her noble brow, her dark and shining hair, and on her full red lip. Her father bent over her, his fine features bearing the impress of deep agony. He raised his eyes and fixed them intently on the physician, as if to pluck per force the sentence of his daughter's doom. She was sleeping, but her's were not the slumbers of a healthful frame; a hectic glow was on her cheek, she moved restlessly on her pillow, and was evidently in a high fever. Presently she turned, languidly opened her large dark eyes and fixed them with wonder upon the stranger who was bending over her.

'How is my fair patient to-day?' 'The God of Israel can alone reward you, young stranger,' said the Jewish father, as he fervently pressed the hand of the physician, on the following morning; 'through his aid you have preserved my child. She has slept sweetly, all fever is gone, and she is now though languid, composed and sensible.' And so it was—day by day restored the health and strength of the young Jewess; and day by day, that rendered Eugene's visits less necessary for her health, made it more necessary for his happiness. He was a stranger in a strange land, and it was sweet to him to hear the fervent gratitude of the father, and sweeter still to meet the glance of those dark eyes, with their untamed lash, so constantly fixed on him—sweet to see the eloquent blood glowing through her clear olive skin—to hear bounden steps as she flew to meet and welcome him.

Zelia was an only and idolized child. Since her mother's death, every wish, every feeling of her youthful heart had been indulged; she was the image of his lost, his loved one, and her father cherished her as the only flower of his lonely parterre; on her he expanded all the fervency, all the earnestness of his love. She was dearer to him than life itself; and when he witnessed her childish delight at Eugene's visits, he cheerfully broke through his established rules, and told him in few words, that his presence would be as light to his dwelling.

The Jew had been too jealous of his beautiful child to suffer her to seek instruction away from his home; but he was delighted at the physician's proposal to become her tutor. She showed decided talents for music painting; and, under the

care of her gentle preceptor, she rapidly improved in these, as well as in more useful studies. Devoted as Eugene Delmar was to his own religion, it was not strange that in his instructions to Zelia, he should almost unconsciously, mingle somewhat of his own views; and as her enquiring disposition prompted to further knowledge, it was not long before her young mind began to comprehend the divine nature, and her young heart to worship the before unknown Jesus. She loved her preserver with all the devotion of a girl of warm feelings, and with a love of which she was herself unconscious; and loving him she loved his God. We all know the power of love in subduing prejudices, and overcoming difficulties. Constantly with Eugene, her thoughts, her feelings were imbibed from, or coloured by his.

Did Eugene reciprocate this love? Deeply, passionately. Her beauty and child-like sweetness had at first attracted him to her whose life he had preserved, & now, added to these charms, he had as it were moulded her mind and heart, and like a second Pygmalion, he almost worshipped the being he had formed; but honour kept her place firmly in his heart. He thought it no sin to change the formal and could mouth-worship of the young Jewess to the pure, beautiful heart-religion, which, even now in his agony and trials formed his stay and support, but he felt that great would be his sin to gain the love of that young happy heart, which could never, by her father's will be his; and that father had received him and trusted him as a friend. No! never would he betray the precious trust which had been so confidently reposed in him.

His mind was soon determined; he would fly from Zelia, fly from her sweet friendship, which had been to him such happiness; no longer would his evenings be passed in listening to the songs he had taught her—no longer would he guide that little hand whose slightest touch caused a thrill through his very heart; no longer would he sit and gaze on her dark eyes, forgetting earth, Heaven, all but her sweet self; but, in denying himself this happiness, he would at least be gaining that of an approving conscience.

The evening preceding that fixed upon for his departure he entered the house of the Jew, at the hour when he knew he would be gone to the synagogue. He paused at the half-opened door of Zelia's room but it was not to admire the mellow sunset of Claude Lorraine's finest pieces, nor to dwell on the beauties of Titian, or the glowing imagination of Raphael, he saw not the splendid mirrors, or the rich tapestry—he only saw Zelia, who knelt by the side of a low couch. The pearl band that usually encircled her head had become unclasped, and a mass of raven curls fell round her; her hands were clasped on her bosom—not a word passed or escaped from her parted lips, but her full soul was breathing itself out in holy prayer. Delmar remained motionless until she rose and threw herself on the couch, her eyelashes still wet from recent tears.

'Mr. Delmar?' 'Yes, Zelia, it is me. Shall I remain?' 'Oh Yes,' And seating herself by her side, he clasped her hand in his. She turned her full gaze upon him, with such a look of confidence, holy, confiding feeling, that for the first time the thrilling thought 'She loves me!' rose in his heart, and almost overcame his fortitude.

Could he determine now, when he first felt assured that his love was returned, to dash from his lips the brimming cup? Could he resolve to destroy the beaming glance of those eyes so full of deep feeling? His resolution lingered, his lips faltered, the tempter was fast weaving his net around him: but with a firm, a strong effort, he threw from him the weakness, and in a low but calm voice told Zelia of business that called him far from her.

In an instant she was transformed; those eyes, but late revealing the depths of her pure loving heart, now sank beneath his glance; tears gathered and fell over her pale and agitated face, and her whole frame quivered with excess of emotion.

Delmar could bear it no longer; and drawing her head unresistingly to his bosom, he mingled his tears with hers.

'Zelia, dearest love, I can no longer endure the burden of silence—silence that, like a mountain, has weighed down my very heart. I love, nay, idolize you, but I dare not ask you to love me in return. I am a Christian, of a race abhorred by your father—by him who has received me as a son—in whose house I have enjoyed more happiness than I ever thought or dreamed of. Can I then ask you to love me? Can I wish to take from him his beloved child...her on whom his very life rests. Can I deceive him who has trusted and be worthy of your love! My only

safety is in leaving you for ever, or till another shall win your young heart.'

The low sobs that had come, as it were from the depths of the maiden's heart, ceased as Delmar proceeded; and she now raised her head, and though deep inutterable agony was painted on that fair young face, her struggle for composure had in part succeeded.

'Eugene, you say right; I have awakened from my dream, and find that what I mistook for friendship is love. It is perhaps unaimably for me to say so, but I have no mother to tell me what is right! you will forgive me if I speak boldly. Yes, we must part; my dear father's heart shall never be wrung by me—by me on whom he has lavished so much love; but you mistake if you think that Zelia, who has loved you can ever be the bride of another. I know what you are going to say, that I am young; but, believe me, this poor heart can never know change until death.'

The voice of the father was heard, and Delmar, enfolding her to his throbbing heart pressed on her brow, a long, long kiss, and then hastily throwing himself from the low window let himself out by the garden gate. Delmar's head pressed not his pillow: hour by hour he paced with unequal step his chamber; occasionally he would lean out of the casement, that the fast falling rain might cool his fevered brow, and then, unable to remain in one position, he would start up and resume his walk. At length, wearied out he threw himself upon his knees, pouring forth his agony in prayer, to the Giver of all Good, beseeching resignation to the heavy trial he was called upon to endure; he felt that the sins of his father had been visited upon him, he felt his utter loneliness,—his mother was dead—no one claimed kindred with him, and his shy and reserved habits, proceeding from the shame attendant on the stigma affixed to his birth,—all these had prevented the formation of ties with the world and made the tie just broken doubly dear and precious; but his fervent prayer calmed and tranquilized his harassed mind, and drawing to him a table, on which lay a Bible, he commenced reading. A servant entered, and placed in his hand a note without any direction. With a start he recognized the writing of Zelia. It ran thus:—

'Come to us directly; my father is ill, very ill; pray God it be not a judgment on me for deceiving his trusting heart. I would confess all and bend in the dust before him; but even while I write he is delirious. Oh come quickly, if...you love me; was erased; but the eye of the lover detected it, and it was pressed to his lips ere he consigned it to his bosom.'

A few minutes saw Delmar at the bedside of his venerable friend. Zelia knelt by his side; her pale face and swollen eyes told of a sad heart; and Delmar's heart smote him as he gazed upon her. A single glance told him that little could be done for the old man; he appeared unconscious of the presence of any one. At length he opened his eyes, and faintly desired to sit up. He took Zelia's hand, and motioning Delmar to approach, he joined them, and then spoke, though in a broken voice: 'Zelia, dear child you know not how long I have read your young heart, and that of Eugene. Nay, tremble not my children; last night I heard your conversation; I found that you were worthy of my love and each other. I do not blame you my precious child, but rejoice that you have learned the christian faith; for now at this awful moment, when death is upon me, I will not deny my belief in that blessed doctrine, though pride, cursed pride, has ever deterred me from an open acknowledgment of my change of religion. For months I have watched your growing love, and could not, wished not to check it.—Guard her, Eugene—guard her young, pure heart; you saved her to me—I now give her to you. Bless you, my child—the word died on his lips, and he sank back on his pillow, a body without a soul!

Delmar bore Zelia from the chamber. He it was who soothed her sorrow for the death of her idolized parent: he it was who strengthened her faith in the blessed Redeemer, and calmed her agitated spirit—and he it was who in a few months after pressed to his heart Zelia as his fair and loving wife.

From the Quebec Mercury.

The Philadelphia *Salmagundi* takes the following view of the situation of the United States in regard to the Indian tribes, which in a great measure coincides with the remarks we made a few days past on the same subject. The alternative proposed is painful, but repeated experiments have proved that the greater part of the Southern and Western Indians are not to be civilized, as, whilst they envy the white men superior comforts, they nevertheless

hold in contempt the arts by which those comforts are obtained, and though capable of great exertions for a short time, are too indolent to exercise that unremitting industry which agricultural pursuits require:—

'At no period, since the late war with England, have our Indian relations presented such a threatening aspect, as at present. Hostile indications are rife in all quarters, and a general rising of the Southern and Western Nations may reasonably be apprehended. Throughout the Floridas they are in motion, and so far from being checked by the recent movements of our troops in that quarter, they have gathered new confidence from the impunity they have enjoyed. The vigilance of their leader has baffled all the tactics of our experienced officers, and their personal daring has more than counterbalanced the discipline of regular troops. Under cover of a pretended submission, they have been rallying their forces, and now, when they find our troops disbanded, and withdrawn from the scene of action, they renew their hostilities, and burn, plunder, and destroy, according to their lawless pleasure. Following the example of the Seminoles, the CREEKS are up in Georgia, and fierce and bloody are the traces which mark their progress. All the fearful tales of Indian cruelty and cunning, which made our boyhood wonder—the burning of farms—the ruthless massacre of men, women, children, the scalping knife...the tomahawk, and the stake, with its unhappy victims—are being acted with appalling reality. Not a mail comes to us which does not contain the record of some new atrocity, at which the heart shudders. It is time a stop were put to these things. It is time, high time, for the government to adopt effective means of suppressing the evils complained of, & giving protection to its defenceless citizens.'

John Quincy Adams predicted, but a few days since, in congress, that before a year would elapse, this country would be involved in a triple war...war with the Mexicans, war with the Indians, and war with the Negroes. In part of this prediction, he is but a prophet of the past, for the whole of our Indian population, with trifling exceptions, are in arms against us. Nor is this the mere result of accident. There has been a deep-laid, premeditated plan...a deliberate commingling of purpose, which has led to this concert of action. Tribes, hitherto inveterate foes, have buried the hatchet, and smoked together the calumet of peace, bound together by a common hatred of the white man. Even those who have hitherto been our friends, are failing in their attachments, and weakening in their good deeds; and the time is not far distant when every red man will own himself our enemy.

'What is to be done? Nothing half-way will answer the purpose. They must be put down, and they must be kept down. It is idle to talk about justice—the justice of their complaints, and their rights to redress. When their hands are on the throats of our countrymen—our relations—our kinsmen—and their knives find way to the hearts of defenceless women, there is no time to ponder the provocations they may have received, nor discuss the propriety of relieving them. It is a law of our nature and a good, and a just, and a holy law, that prompts us to look to the welfare of those who are of our own blood; and if there is no way of protecting the whites from ravage and slaughter, the Indians must be exterminated. This may be called cruelty, but if we are to choose between our brethren and those whom we know not, we must incline in favor of the former.'

'Such is the restless, unhappy character of the Indian, that he will never be contented amidst the haunts of civilized men. In the industrious pursuits which society requires from its members, he sees only the patient drudgery of men meaner, as he thinks, than himself; and while he despises their occupations, his rancour kindles at the superior comforts he sees them enjoy. His tastes are not like their feelings; and there can be no sympathy between them. He hates them for what he thinks they have taken from him; and with an Indian, to hate is to revenge. Years may pass away before a time comes suitable for his purpose, but in the deepest recesses of his heart, he breeds the bitterness of his malice, and it is neither overlooked nor forgotten. Death alone can thwart his purposes, and turn aside the deep and dark current of his wrath. Whatever the Aborigines may have been, the modern Indians are perfidious and cruel. They regard no treaties—they respect no laws—they know no mercy; and as they sow, so let them reap. That is a false and mistaken philanthropy that would spare them, while the cries of our little children come swelling on every gale; and the blood of our best and bravest crimson all their waters. No! our fellow countrymen want

protection, and that the government owes them at all hazards. We trust that the supineness which seems to prevail on this subject may be shaken off; and that a force, sufficient to accomplish some good purpose, will at once be marshalled. Our treasury overflows with wealth, and how can it be better employed than in girding the loins of the people, and protecting the peace of the land?'

The following eloquent and feeling sentiment will be admired by all. It was delivered in reply to a toast complimentary to the British Minister, Mr. Fox, at a dinner in Baltimore, given to himself and Mr. Bankhead, Secretary of the British Legation. How many of the miserable productions of such persons as Hamilton Hall could do away the kindness and the national good will which this generous expression of a public functionary will promote.—*Daily Gazette*.

Gentlemen—I am overcome with gratitude for the very kind and flattering manner in which you have been good enough to drink my health. I want words to express my sense of your kindness. The friendly, and I may say, the affectionate welcome which I have met with in America, can never be effaced from my recollection. If my conduct, as British Representative in this country, shall in any way contribute to strengthen the ties of friendship which now unite America to England, that will indeed be the most fortunate circumstance of my life. Gentlemen, it has been my destiny in the public service, to be for many years absent from my native country. But I assure you, that I have felt, upon landing in America, as if I were at once returned to my family, and my home, and my native land.—I have found myself among men who speak the same language, who have the same thoughts, habits and feelings...who are governed, almost, by the same laws and institutions—who look back with pride upon the same pages of history—who delight in the fame of the same poets and orators—in short, I have found in America another England.

Gentlemen, you have been kind enough to allude to the name which I bear, and to the affection with which that name is cherished in America. I thank you most cordially for that friendly allusion. I feel, indeed, in this country, a peculiar pride in being related by birth to a British Statesman, Mr. Charles Fox, who was the truest and earliest friend to America, that appeared amongst my countrymen. If we might imagine that the spirits of great men that have departed could look back upon the world which they have left, how it would cheer that generous spirit to behold the America of the present day...to see that the greatness, which he often times in the British Parliament prophesied for this free and happy land, has been more than realized,—to find those prophecies a hundred and a thousand fold fulfilled!

LIVERPOOL, May 16, 1836.

The Civil War in Spain is virtually at an end...England has DECIDEDLY interfered against the Carlists.

On the 5th of May, the Carlists were safely and strongly entrenched at St. Sebastian. They had a triple line of defences which they considered impregnable. They had been five months making these defences. The British Legion, led on by General Evans, carried them by force in a few hours! It was the first time the Legion had been in active service. The affair was as hot as any in modern warfare—the conduct of the men as cool and courageous as if they had been cradled in the camp.

The Legion headed by Evans, made a sortie on the Carlist lines at day break.—They attacked in three divisions, and were thrice driven back by the dreadful fire of the Carlists. A fourth time they dashed on, aided by some Spanish regiments, and the fight continued, without much superiority on either side, for seven hours, from 3 to 10 A. M. At this time, Lord John Hay came up with the Phoenix and Salamander steamers, and 1300 troops from Santander. They were instantly landed and reinforced the Legion. The Phoenix then threw shells in the Carlist lines.—Then came a dashing charge with bayonets and the redoubt was carried by the troops headed by General Evans—the Carlists fled—were pursued...little quarter was given—the Carlist generals were almost torn to pieces—and the British entered St. Sebastian. The British and Spanish troops killed and wounded were 821; 2000 of the Carlists were killed and as many more taken prisoners.

The Rev. Mr. Ketley, an eloquent and very popular Unitarian preacher in Ipswich electrified his congregation on Sunday, the 20th of December, by a public and most unexpected recantation of the doctrine he



had preached to them and praying to be forgiven, for having impiously led them to deny the divinity of the Saviour. He attributed his conversion to the arguments of the Rev. Mr. Butler, an Episcopal clergyman, by which he said he had been completely beaten off his ground.

From the Montreal Gazette.

The venerable bishop MACDONNELLY of UPPER CANADA, has recently published a long and extremely interesting address to Catholic and Protestant freeholders of STORMONT and GLENGARY. After giving a rapid sketch of his own useful and honorable life, with the view of shewing the parties to whom he addresses himself, and the claims he has upon their confidence, he proceeds, as follows, to lay before them his opinion of the men whom they should return to Parliament as their Representatives. The language which the Reverend Prelate employs is strong, but not one whit more so than the circumstances which induced him to write will amply justify.

'You will elect men to represent you in the ensuing Parliament of sound and loyal principles, who have the real good of the country at heart, who will not allow themselves to be duped or misled by wicked hypocritical Radicals who are endeavouring to drive the province into rebellion, and to cut off every connection between Canada and Great Britain your Mother Country, and to subject you to the domination of Yankee Rulers and Lynch Law.

Your Gracious and benevolent Sovereign sent you out as his representative, a personage distinguished for abilities, knowledge and integrity, to redress all the grievances and abuses that had crept into the Government of this Province, since its first establishment; but, in place of meeting him with cordiality, and offering their co-operation in the important work of reform, what do the Radicals do? Why, they assail him like hell-hounds, with every possible abuse, indignity and insult; and your late Representatives are joined in politics and friendship with those Radical worthies, and would fain make you believe that they are your friends, and the friends of the country; although implacable enemies of yourselves, your religion and your country; and this they proved by stopping the money, which the Government had been giving for some years past towards building and repairing Catholic churches, supporting Catholic schools, and maintaining Catholic clergy.

At the same time that those Radicals who aim at the destruction of our holy religion, are loud in their complaints against Government for affording me assistance towards establishing it on a permanent foundation in this Province—they are cutting and carving lucrative situations for themselves and filling their own pockets, and those of their champion, O'Grady, with your money and that of your fellow-subjects. It was for this purpose that they stopped the Supplies last Session, and thereby prevented the issue of the money, which was to be laid out on public roads, canals, and other improvements of the Province; and in all those mischiefs your Radical Representatives joined with heart and hand with the enemies of their country.'

From the Montreal Herald.

Though we cannot find space for all Sir Francis's replies to public addresses, yet we cannot deny our readers the satisfaction of perusing what we consider the best of them all as an *argumentum ad hominuculos*:

*Reply of his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, to an address from the inhabitants of the North part and portion of the Gore of Toronto.*

Gentlemen—I arrived in this Province impressed with the idea, that the Grievance Report was an honest document. It is with deep regret I now deliberately declare it to be a deception, containing assertions to which I can give no milder designation, than that they are incorrect; and whenever the proper time shall arrive, it will be easy for me to contrast the statements in this report with the facts which are before us all.

When this result shall be known, the British Government, which so promptly attended to these complaints, and his Majesty, who so nobly desired they should be corrected, will no doubt entertain feelings which it is not for me to express; in the mean while, the fact I state to you will sufficiently explain why I have been so vexatiously opposed by the very agitators who called for reform—for the truth is, they did not dare to face their own grievance report—they were afraid to meet me upon that ground—well knowing, that it is easier to transmit accusations to a country 'four thousand miles off,' than to substantiate them upon the spot!

This unhappy policy, I regret to say, has in another instance been lately resorted to.

The agitators of the late House of Assembly requested me, as you are aware, to be pleased to lay before them my correspondence with my late Executive Council. I at once transmitted it for their consideration, but instead of treating me with equal frankness, they addressed their petition on the subject not to me, who was here able and ready to defend myself—not to his Majesty's Ministers to whom I might have appealed—but to the British House of Commons, who they well knew were in total ignorance of the whole affair. I ask why did they thus appeal to gentlemen on the other side of the Atlantic, when they have so long been declaiming against seeking for justice 'four

thousand miles off?' Why did they refuse to allow my correspondence with my Executive Council to be printed, and why has the official printing of their own report been so long withheld from the inhabitants of this province?

Gentlemen,—It is not only trifling with the British Government, but it is trifling with the British character of Upper Canada, to ask for the redress of grievances, and then to shrink from allowing them to be investigated. The language which has been heaped upon me, is discreditable to this Province, and consequently injurious to its best interests.

The British people entertain high-minded feelings towards the inhabitants of the Canadas. The Old Country rejoices in the freedom of its offspring in whatever portion of the empire they may exist;—and who among you can believe, that while our beloved sovereign is nobly promoting the peace and freedom of the whole world, he should desire to withhold either of these British blessings from his Canadian subjects?

Gentlemen.—We must study to merit the good opinion of the civilized world; for, without it, no nation can attain eminence or wealth.

The Grievance Report has been an injury to you, which it will require a course of steady conduct to correct.

Let the miserable demagogues read this and then, if possible, deny that their 'sufferings' is intolerable.

As we strive to make our extra-provincial investigations usefully applicable to the affairs of Lower Canada, we would earnestly draw the attention of all those constitutionalists, who hesitate about sending home an agent, to the first sentence of Sir Francis's reply. In that sentence, Sir Francis acknowledges, that he 'arrived in this Province impressed with the idea, that the Grievance Report was an honest document.' Here was an individual of acute understanding and unprejudiced heart considering as 'an honest document,' what Mr. Peter Perry declared to be a bundle of lies.

Thus it always is with regard to our own Province. The dominant faction, periodically transmits to the imperial authorities lying addresses at the expense of the country; and the imperial authorities regularly place the most implicit reliance on every one of the unscrupulous productions.

Is not this undeniable fact a sufficient reason for keeping an agent at home for the illustration of truth and the protection of the constitutional party?

From the Morning Herald.

The course and conclusion of the debate upon the Canada question, on Monday night, fully justifies the doubt which we expressed when anticipating that discussion of the fitness of the honourable member for Bath to take charge of so important a subject. We cannot understand either the use or the propriety of making a display upon a matter of this kind, and there stopping short, as if to make the display was really the only object in view. Mr. Roebuck bustles about and appears bursting with the sense of Canadian wrongs; he publishes a pamphlet, in which the bitterest charges of gross mismanagement, and still more gross deceit are brought against the Colonial Administration;—after thus preparing the public mind, he gives notice of a motion in the House of Commons—the day arrives—he makes his speech in a marvellously polite & subdued tone, compared with the pamphlet; he hears a long speech in reply from the under secretary of State for the Colonies, wherein facts are asserted which Mr. Roebuck knew just as well before Sir George Grey began to speak as after he had done, & he hears certain hints thrown out which may mean something or nothing according to the circumstances; and then he withdraws his motion, and the matter is just where it was two months ago! This is very like a mere farce, and yet we know very well that the state of the Canadas is a very serious matter. There is upon the face of the circumstances much reason to suspect that the honourable member for Bath wishes to earn his salary from the Canadian Assembly by pamphleteering and speechifying about their ill usage by the British Ministry, and that he also wishes to earn the good will of that very Ministry, by going no further, and in fact, only giving them so much trouble as may be absolutely necessary to secure his stipend from the other side of the water, until they can make it convenient to provide him one on this.

Mr. Roebuck's motion was, indeed an improper and unreasonable one,—but did he think so? If he did, why did he bring it on? If he did not why did he withdraw it upon such a no-meaning answer as that received from Sir George Grey? It will, perhaps, be said that Sir George, speaking on the part of the government, gave him some reason to believe, though he did not say it explicitly, that Ministers would of themselves do what he desired. But this was put to the test, for when Sir Robert Peel complained that some such understanding appeared to have been come to, Lord John Russell asserted that it was no such thing, and that the Right hon. Baronet's observations were wholly uncalled for.

What then are we to believe? Supposing that Ministers have not promised or insinuated to Mr. Roebuck that the extravagant and anti-monarchical demands of which he is the mouth-piece shall be favourably considered; the withdrawal of his motion is inexplicable, and seems to indicate some underhand arrangement not very honourable to the character of either party. But if, on the other hand, such promises or insinuations have been made to Mr. Roebuck, is

it that Gentleman or Sir Robert Peel the Ministers mean to deceive? They cannot tell Mr. Roebuck that they have come to an agreement with his views in contemplation, and Sir Robert Peel that they have not, without intending to deceive some one. Sir George Grey uses ambiguous language. Sir Robert Peel interprets it as meaning prospective agreement with Mr. Roebuck's, clients—Mr. Roebuck, by his silence, gives assent; but Lord J Russell says that it is all a mistake, and wonders that Sir Robert Peel should have spoken under such an opinion. Really we do not think that much light has been thrown upon past, present, or future policy with regard to Canada by the long discussion on Monday night.

Sir George said, in reply to Mr. Roebuck's motion for a committee, that a commission had been sent out to inquire; that it was inquiring: that a report was to be expected, and that the proper course was to wait for the report, before the Government or the Legislature acted in the matter of that inquiry. This, if it had been all true, was a fair and reasonable and sufficient answer to Mr. Roebuck. But that Gentleman knew all about the Commission extremely well, and he had written and published his pamphlet to show that from the government it was altogether hopeless that this inquiry, or the report to result from it, could do any good. Lord Gosford, he said had made false representations to the colony, had given the people to understand that his instructions bore a character which he must have known they did not bear, and had done this for the purpose of furthering his own political ends. He had also said in his pamphlet that not only the House of Assembly, but the Legislative Council even declined to have any communication with the commission; and yet, upon a speech of the DEPUTY COLONIAL MINISTER, asserting that 'since the arrival of his Lordship in the colony harmony had been restored, and not the slightest complaint had been made of his Lordship's Administration.' Mr. Roebuck's motion is withdrawn! It would seem that the Hon. Member is very easily overcome by contradiction. We wish that Mr. Edward Ellice had spoken upon the question. We should like to hear what the Rt. Hon. Gentleman would say to the statement of his hon. Friend & Relative, which we have quoted. We do not think he could have agreed with it. But to show that something must be wrong, or a very extraordinary conversion wrought in Mr. Roebuck's mind before he let the statement of Sir George Grey go off so easily, and allowed it to persuade him to withdraw his motion let us look at the following passage from his pamphlet:—

'Lord Gosford while speaking of his liberal instructions, while endeavouring by his personal behaviour to gain over the Members of the Assembly must all along have been conscious that if his instructions had been published, all his hopes of success would be destroyed. I leave it to casuists more acute and learned than myself, to determine whether this conduct was honest; it is easy for any one of common understanding to determine whether it was prudent. To one who professes not to be instructed in diplomatic scheming, such artifice appears wholly unjustifiable; and the keeping back the instructions little better than attempt at deception evidently destined to fail. The folly, then of the proceeding quite equalled its dishonesty. The mission of the Commissioners, together with that of Lord Gosford, is, in my judgment, ended. The sooner they leave Canada the better for all parties. They are now merely a useless expense, and their labours will of necessity be thrown away. Lord Gosford will not be able to regain public confidence by anything but a very explicit declaration in favour of an elective Council; and this I am inclined to believe he will not be willing to make.'

If the above be all true, the easy satisfaction of Mr. Roebuck on Monday evening, with such statements as were made by Sir George Grey, is very unaccountable. If he has had reason intimated to him to change his belief as to the willingness of Lord Gosford to make the declaration he alludes to, such an intimation to him is totally at variance with the statement of Lord J. Russell to Sir Robert Peel.

We subjoin an able article from the Standard on the subject of Mr. Roebuck's motion of 16th May:—

Mr. Roebuck's debate in the House of Commons, last night, suggests some not unprofitable reflections. There is something curious in what a naturalist would call the acclimation of Radicalism, in different parts of the empire. In England, we are told that churchmen and the aristocracy are the only enemies of public liberty; but, pass to Ireland, or to Canada, on one side, or to Belgium, or to Portugal, on the other, and we learn that Every Englishman—nay, every man of English descent and religion—is a tyrant, and a bigot, and an oppressor. Now, as the general character of the nation must be always and everywhere the same, 'Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt,' and, as we suppose, Radical principles, like other abstractions, are subject to no essential 'sea-change,' the principles of the aristocracy and church party in this country seem to be acknowledged as the genuine English principles. The French and Roman Catholic Canadians, indeed, fairly acknowledge that an English population is what they dread. They claim the ownership of waste lands, which neither they nor their fathers ever occupied, reclaimed or conquered, confessedly lest these waste lands should be planted

with Englishmen. They can better bear the prospect of the desert than they can endure to witness the progress of British industry in the waste; they prefer, as neighbors, the Indian and his scalping-knife, or even the cougar and the rattle-snake, before the Protestant English farmer or artisan. It is curious how precisely similar is the feeling in Ireland. One of the most benevolent noblemen in that island, lately reclaimed a waste in the counties of Leitrim and Longford, which had been pestilential and unprofitable since the creation. He allotted a part of the reclaimed ground to men of English descent, and of the religion of England. The cry of insult and persecution was instantly raised from Ireland and even found its way into the Morning Chronicle. We had to trouble our readers with an explanation of the truth, and so the matter ended. But this jealousy of England is, in fact, at the bottom of all the provincial discontent, of which we hear so much; and, therefore, it behoves the English people to consider whether they are not doing the work of their enemies, when they give support and countenance to the hirelings of provincial discontent, whatever these hirelings may pretend with reference to our domestic policy.

This word hireling brings us to another reflection. Mr. O'Connell, it will be remembered, described himself as the paid parliamentary agent of the Irish Roman Catholics. This was going pretty far; but Mr. Roebuck last night went a little farther. Being reminded by Sir George Grey, that the course which he was last night pursuing was one which he not very long before described as absurd and illusory, the member for Bath actually defended himself on the ground that he was not giving expression to his own sentiments, but to those of his paymasters. There was a time when impudent candor like this, would have produced a very different manifestation of feeling from that by which it was met last night. There was a time, to be sure it was an unreformed parliament, in which it was supposed to be the most intolerable insult to impute to any gentleman in the House of Commons, that he gave utterance to sentiments which were not his own. 'If any man,' says Lord Chatham in his magnificent rebuke of Horace Walpole, 'if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves; nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment—age, which always brings one privilege, that of being supercilious, and insolent without punishment.'

Mr. Roebuck, however, so far from thinking it a villainous calumny to impute to a man that he utters sentiments which are not his own, actually acknowledges that such is his own practice, and that he pursues it like any other mean trade, for hire.—There is, Heaven knows, very little of Lord Chatham's spirit lingering in the House of Commons; but still there is some right feeling. Sir John Hanmer boldly declared the indignation with which he heard the avowal of gentlemen, that they appeared in that house as the paid agents of particular classes of the people. Mr. Roebuck sought to defend the shameful trade by the precedents of Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Burge, and other gentlemen who united the offices of paid colonial agents and members of the House of Commons.

The analogy, however, will not hold; for it does not appear that the agency of Messrs. Huskisson and Burge extended to the House of Commons, or that it was designed to extend to the House of Commons, although those gentlemen were members of parliament. Their case differed in nothing from the common one of a barrister who practises professionally while he holds a seat in parliament; but, as Mr. Roebuck ought to know being himself a barrister cannot practise professionally at the bar of the house, or before any of its committees, lest his fee should influence him, to utter sentiments that are not his own, in his legislative capacity. It is impossible, however, that this new profession of a hired member of parliament, hired as a member of Parliament and for parliamentary services, can be permitted to go on without some decision by the house, one way or the other; for, as it proceeds, one can easily conceive members enough to turn a majority—a party as long and as dirty as the 'tail' itself (why not say the 'tail,' for a very small sum comparatively would influence them?), bribed under pretence of agency, to carry any measure.

As to the proceedings of his Majesty's ministers with regard to Canada, they seem as was happily shown by Sir R. Peel, calculated with the utmost ingenuity to do all the mischief possible, without really doing any thing practical in the matter.

London, 18th May, 1836.

The principal topic of the Clubs and the political circle, for a day or two past, has been the supposed *faux pas* between the hon. Mrs. Norton and Lord Melbourne. The affair has long afforded room for scandal; but, as usual, the unfortunate cuckold was the last to hear of it, and then he threatened an action, which, if successful, would have placed the Prime Minister in an awkward situation at Court, so we have heard constant rumors of his resignation and illness, &c. However report also says that one Duke and two other noble Lords, have participated in the same lady's favours, and a joint-stock subscription is said to have been made to prevent further exposure and

enable Lord Melbourne to remain in power, under the patronage of Daniel O'Connell.

On the 16th instant, Roebuck moved in the House of Commons, in one of his democratical shallow yams: 'That the House resolve itself into a committee of the whole House, to take into consideration such parts of the 31st of Geo. III. c. 31, as relate to the Executive and Legislative Councils of the Canadas, for the purpose of rendering the same efficient to the good government of those provinces; and of course he insisted that nothing but an elective Legislative Council would satisfy the party of whom he was proved to be the hired agent. Sir George Grey resisted the motion, as only calculated to widen the breach that already existed, especially as a Commission had gone out to the Canadas to investigate the whole subject. Mr. Robinson opposed it; Hume supported it, and at last Roebuck withdrew it, in consequence of Sir George Grey stating that all that could be done, when the Commission returned. Sir Robert Peel said, that the understanding on which the motion was withdrawn, was calculated to excite false expectations in the Canadas, namely; that a change of the government there was under consideration, and he begged not to be deemed a party to any such an understanding. Lord Russell thought that the colonists should hear the question upon its own merits, to be decided without further agitation, either by themselves or their agents, through the more legitimate medium of the Commission issued by his Majesty; but the little Lord expressed his opinion, that some alteration in the Legislative Council might be made. So you see what you have to expect.—*Mon. Herald.*

MR. EDITOR:—I have seen an account of a visit to Miss Anna Phillips, of Franklin Vt., printed at your office; I think the amount is substantially correct. I visited her yesterday myself, and heard from her the same statements, in relation to her vision of the world of Spirits. She related to me some interesting particulars which are not recorded in the sketch of her. I believe that no person can visit her, and hear her statements, and witness the influence which her vision of spiritual things has on her own mind and body, and retire without the conviction, that there is a reality in the Scriptural doctrine of the future glorious state of the righteous, and of the lamentable state of the wicked beyond their day of grace.

I would just add, if it were generally known how many are going to Mr. Phillips' almost every day to hear the narrative of his daughter, and how much he has been afflicted by sickness in his family, a sense of propriety, in view of his pecuniary circumstances, would suggest to future visitors, to leave something with the family that will contribute to their comfort in the midst of afflictions. Those who consider the poor, and minister to their comfort, may read for their encouragement, 'It is more blessed to give, than to receive.'

PETER CHASE.  
Franklin, June 24th, 1836.

## MISSISSKOU STANDARD.

FRELIGHSBURG, JUNE 28, 1836.

In consequence of the absence of our Editor, we are under the necessity of coming before the public with the present number of the Standard, destitute of such editorial observations, as might otherwise be expected; but we trust, before the expiration of another week, he will be enabled to return to his labors, and take into consideration every subject, which we in his absence, have felt it our duty to pass over.

We would recommend to our readers an attentive perusal of the extracts which we have made from a London Correspondent of the *Montreal Herald*, relative to the proceedings of Mr. Roebuck. There are some other articles which we have taken from English papers that are especially deserving of attention.

We beg permission to call the attention of the public to an advertisement which appears in another column of to-day's paper, under the head of 'MAMMOTH EAGLE CIRCUS.' This 'Travelling Establishment,' if we may be permitted to judge from appearances, gives one of the most splendid exhibitions of 'gymnastic feats & herculean exercise,' of any that has ever visited this or any other part of the Province, and we doubt not, will prove highly interesting, and worthy the attention of the public. If we are correctly informed, the company is composed of thirty-five individuals, and have under their control forty horses. Report says, as to horsemanship, they are unequalled.

**Married,**  
At Richford, Vt., on the 19th inst., by the John Huse, Esq., Mr. Heman Turner of Dunham, to Miss Lucy Cook, of Sutton L. C. In the Seigneurie of Noyon, on the 25th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Robertson, Mr. George L. Kraus, of St. Armand, to Miss Mary W. Bingham, youngest daughter of Solomon Bingham, Esq., of the former place.

In the midst of their conjugal bliss, the happy couple have remembered the Printer. May happiness and prosperity attend them through life.

**Died,**  
At Champlain, on the 19th inst., Mrs. Hannah Pettenger, wife of John Pettenger, of that place.  
At Grand Blanc, Michigan, in March, Lucinda, daughter of Joseph Tyler, aged six years.  
At Sutton, on the 20th instant, Mr. Joseph Grimes, in the 35th year of his age.



# MAMMOTH Eagle Circus.



THE Managers of this splendid Equestrian and Dramatic Establishment, which gained unprecedented popularity in the city of New York during the past winter, have been induced to comply with the solicitations of influential gentlemen from abroad, who have witnessed their performances, and will make a rapid excursion through the principal Towns in this section of the country, and present their wonderful variety of Feats; many of which, have never before been attempted on this side of the Atlantic. Proud of the distinguished approbation and fashionable audiences with which they have been honored, they have cheerfully incurred a large expense to enhance still more the attractions for the summer travelling season.

The ARENA is newly and completely fitted out with a numerous company of Equestrians, possessing unequalled talent; and a Stud of Hanoverian and Arabian horses, which, for beauty and management, excel all previous exhibitions ever offered here—the whole is accompanied by a superior band of music.

Ladies and Gentlemen are particularly invited to view the Arena while fitting up, to prove to them how comfortably they will be seated, and on what a superior plan this Travelling Establishment is erected. It is likewise proper to state that the strictest attention will be paid to gentility, and neither word nor action introduced that can offend the most delicate or susceptible mind; but such amusements only selected as cannot fail to instruct, as well as divert the intelligent and refined of every community.

The above will be exhibited at Frelighsburg, near H. M. Chandler's Hotel, on Thursday, July 7th. Doors open at 2 o'clock P. M. Also in Highgate, at Mr. Stinchour's Hotel, July 5th, and in East Berkshire, at Wm. Raymond's Hotel, July 6th.

Boxes 50 cents—Children under 10 years, half price—1st 25 cents, without any distinction of age.

June 28th, 1836. V2 12-2w

## Notice.

The Annual meeting of the Frelighsburg Temperance Society, will be held at the Brick School House in this village, on Thursday the 7th July next, at four o'clock, P. M.

It is expected that an Address will be delivered by the Rev. Mr. Robertson.

By order of the President,  
S. P. LALANNE, Secretary.  
Frelighsburg, June 28, 1836.

## Notice.

Mr. Gardner gives notice that he is yet in the village of Frelighsburg. Business has detained him longer than he had expected, but he is now about to remove to Stanbridge Upper Mills.

In addition to the names heretofore published, as attached to his certificate & recommendations, he would add the following Gentlemen:—

O. J. Kemp, James Reid,  
R. V. V. Freligh, John Baker, Esq.,  
Wm. Hickok, H. M. Chandler,  
George Frary, Thomas Reynolds,  
John Whitney, Casper Hibbard,  
Dr. J. Chamberlin, J. M. Ferres,  
Mr. Sen, Job Chatsey.

July 28th, 1836. V2-12uf

# SMITH'S Cheap Store.

## New & Splendid Goods.

THE subscriber begs leave to announce to his friends and the public, that he has just received one of the most extensive, splendid and general assortments of

## Goods

ever offered for sale in this section of the country. All of which are of the very first quality and latest fashions. Without particularizing, he solicits most respectfully, a fair examination of his Goods and prices, before purchases are made elsewhere.

Every kind of Farmers' Produce received in payment, for which the highest price will be paid.

W. W. SMITH.  
Missiskoui Bay, June 28, 1836. V2 12uf.

## NEW GOODS, And Cheap!!

THE subscriber has just received a general assortment of

## GOODS,

consisting of

## Dry Goods,

Groceries, Crockery &  
Hard Ware;

Including almost every article usually called for in a country store, which will be sold very low for cash and most kinds of country produce.

Please call and examine!

N. ADAMS.  
Upper Bedford, 25th June, 1836. V2-12uf

## New Goods.

THE subscribers have just received an extensive assortment of

## Dry Goods,

consisting of a great variety of

Broad Cloths, Cassimeres,  
Calicoes, Gingham,  
French Muslins, Fig'd &  
Plain Silks,  
Summer stuffs,  
Tuscany and Plain Straw  
Bonnets, &c. &c.

—ALSO—

Crockery and Glass Ware,  
Dry Groceries,  
Lamp Oil,  
Boiled Linseed Oil,  
Raw do.  
Red and White Lead,  
Mackerel and Cod Fish,  
Sole Leather,  
Hardware,  
Iron, Steel, Nails,  
Scythes, scythe Snaiths,  
Rakes, scythe Stones and  
Rifles,

of the most approved kinds, &c. &c.

All of which are offered for sale as cheap and upon as liberal terms as at any Store in the County.

RUSSEL & ROBERTS.  
Missiskoui Bay, June 28, 1836. V2 12uf.

## NEW & VERY

## Cheap

## GOODS,

CAN be had in all Varieties, Qualities and  
Kinds of

## Dry Goods,

Groceries, Crockery,  
Hard Ware, Nails,  
Iron,



## Teas,

by the Chest very low,

Glass, Fish,  
Salt, Flour, &c. &c.

In fact, all kinds of Goods called for at a country Store, as low, if not lower than at any other Store in the County. Observe!! On the lower corner of the Public Square in St. Albans, at the store of

GARDNER G. SMITH.

June 28th, 1836. V2 12-6w

## PUBLIC SALE OF

## Real Estate.

Will be Sold at Public AUCTION, on Saturday, the 16th day of July next, to the last and highest bidder, at the house of

Abel Smith,

in the village of Phillipsburg, at 10 o'clock, A. M. the

## House & Lot,

in the village of Phillipsburg, Missiskoui Bay, being Lot No. 20, at present occupied by Mr. Conroy, with the

## Water Privilege

in front. If required a credit of two years will be given, on furnishing security with interest. For particulars inquire of W. W. SMITH, Esq. June 10th, 1836. V2 10-4w.

## New Goods

IN ST. ALBANS.

THE Subscriber has just returned from New York, and has now opened at his Store, opposite T. H. Campbell's Tavern in St. Albans, a very large and general assortment of

## Goods,

which he offers very low. His Customers and others in Canada, are invited to call and see them. He trusts his assortment and prices are such as will satisfy them that his Goods are good and low.

WILLIAM FARRAR.  
St. Albans, June 3, 1836.

## NEW WOOLLEN FACTORY.

THE Subscriber having completed and set the above business in full operation, would call the attention of his former patrons and the public generally to this subject.

Conditions on which he will manufacture cloth and do it honestly:

## Wool

will be received in the Fleece and completed for the Tailor's use for one half; Flannel for three sevenths; Full Cloths of any color, will be manufactured by the yard at two shillings; Gray, one shilling ten pence half penny; Flannel, one shilling and three pence.

He will also card Wool by the pound, on short notice, and as cheap as can be done in the country.

Most kinds of Produce received in payment.  
ABRAM LaGRANGE.  
St. Armand, June 13, 1836. V2 10-3w

## Notice.

FOR SALE, one hundred acres of excellent LAND, in the Township of Sutton, being the north half of Lot No. 14, first range. Inquire of

JOHN GIBSON.  
Sutton, June 15, 1836. V2 11uf.

ST. ALBANS, MAY 31, 1836.

## New & Cheap GOODS.

I have received and now offer for sale, at my old stand, a large and general assortment of

## Fancy & Staple Goods,

Including a large stock of

Sheetings, Tickings,  
Cotton Yarn, Candlewick,  
Batts, Wadding,  
Paper Hangings,  
Broad Cloths, Cassimeres,  
Sattinets, Silks,  
Bombazines, Calicoes,  
Muslins, Laces,  
Jackonets, Bonnets,  
Ribbons, Gloves,  
Hosiery, &c. &c;

## Hardware and Crockery.

Teas, Tobacco, Snuff,  
Sugar, Molasses, Coffee,  
Salaratus,  
Glass, Nails,  
Flour, &c.

All a little CHEAPER than my neighbors. Will Purchasers call and examine Goods & prices?

ORANGE ADAMS.

## Card.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Phillipsburg and its vicinity, that he still continues the

## Tailoring

business in its various branches at his old stand, Day Street.

Having made arrangements to receive the latest Northern and Southern FASHIONS, and from the superior quality and low price of Cloths, and first rate workmanship, the public will find at his stand inducements seldom to be met with; and, in returning his thanks for past favors, he hopes by unremitting attention, to secure a continuance of them.

Cutting done in the most approved style, at the shortest notice, for which nothing but Cash will be received.

N. B. WANTED, a BOY from 12 to 14 years of age, as an apprentice, for whose good behaviour security will be required.

DANIEL FORD.  
Phillipsburg, June 21, 1836. V2.11-1y.

## Notice

THE business in the Factory of the hon. ROBERT JONES, in the village of BEDFORD, will the ensuing season, be conducted by

MR. FRENCH PAIGE,  
a workman of acknowledged abilities and experience, who has been specially engaged for that purpose.

## Wool,

will be carded for

Cash down, 2 pence per lb.  
Payable in January next, 4 cents per lb.  
And after that time, 5 cents per lb.

All persons committing work to his care, may rely on punctuality and dispatch. Most kinds of produce received in payment for work done.

Bedford, May 23, 1836. V2-8 w

## \$10 Reward!!

WHEREAS the Shade Trees in front of the dwelling of the subscribers, were Girdled, on the evening of the 5th instant, by some person or persons unknown, the above reward is, therefore, offered to any person who will furnish the subscribers with such testimony as will convict the perpetrator or perpetrators, of the act.

JANE COOK,  
JACOB COOK.  
Cooksville, St. Armand, June 11th, 1836.

## Notice.

MR. John Brown informs the public that he will receive WOOL at the house of George or Thomas Barnes, in St. Armand, and return the same free from cost of exportation.

Payments, from customers at a distance, may be made where the Wool is delivered.

JOHN BROWN.  
Frelighsburg, June 14, 1836.—Vol.2. 10uf.

## POST-OFFICE NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that, the Deputy Post Master General having experienced difficulty in disposing of the

Notes of Unchartered Banks, remitted to him, there will not hereafter be received at this office any Notes but those belonging to the

Legally Chartered Banks of the Provinces.

J. CHAMBERLIN, P. M.  
Post Office, Frelighsburg, May 30th, 1836. V2.8 uf

## Look Here!!

THE Subscribers will pay Cash for

Veal Skins.  
May 21, 1836. L. & A. KEMP.

## For Sale,

MY FARM, lying on the road between Henryville & Missiskoui Bay; consisting of 180 acres of land, upon which are

A House, Barn & Shop.

AMOS STOW.  
28th March, 1836. 51uf.

## For Sale,

BY the Subscriber, a few Barrels of

Flour, Pork & Mackerel.

LEVI KEMP.  
Frelighsburg, June 20th, 1836. V2-11uf.

## Wanted

AN active lad to assist at a CARDING MACHINE and FULING MILL.

Any one possessing a good character and wishing to become acquainted with that branch of business, will meet with suitable encouragement by enquiring at the office of this paper.

May 23, 1836. V2-Stf



## Cash for Wool!

NOTICE

IS hereby given that two shillings currency per pound will be paid at the Factory of the British American Land Company at Sherbrooke, for clean native Wool, average quality, the produce of the Eastern Townships.

Sherbrooke, May 10, 1836. V2-7uf

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the principal Office of the BRITISH AMERICAN LAND COMPANY has been transferred from the city of MONTREAL to the Town of SHERBROOKE in the District of St. FRANCIS, to which place all communications on the Company's affairs, especially applications relative to the SALE or PURCHASE of LANDS, and for EMPLOYMENT, are requested to be sent, addressed to ARTHUR C. WEBSTER, Esq. Sub-Commissioner.

G. MOFFATT, } Commissioners.  
P. GILL, }  
Montreal, May 10, 1836. V2-611w.

## PUBLIC NOTICE

IS hereby given that a WHARF has been completed by the BRITISH AMERICAN LAND COMPANY, at Port St. Francis, seven miles above Three Rivers on the South shore of the St. Lawrence, and that Steamboats and other Vessels may land or embark Goods and Passengers at the same, with safety and dispatch. The Agent of the COMPANY will for the present season allow free storage for such articles as may be landed at Port St. Francis for transport to the Eastern Townships—or brought to that place for Shipment outwards.

Office of the British American Land Company.  
Montreal, August 1, 1835. } 19-uf

## BRIDGE

OVER THE ST. FRANCIS.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN LAND COMPANY are now prepared to contract or building a BRIDGE over the River Saint Francis at Sherbrooke. Persons inclined to erect this bridge, will be required to furnish plans upon which they would recommend its construction, with specifications of the timber and materials required, and estimates of the sums for which they will complete the same, both with and without warranty for five years. It is desirable that plans, &c. should be furnished with as little delay as possible. Any information relating to the site of the Bridge, &c. may be obtained by application at this Office.

Office of the B. A. L. Co. }  
Sherbrooke, July 20, 1835. } 16-uf.

## Star Tavern,



New Market, Montreal.

## William Brown,

THANKFUL for past favors, would respectfully intimate to his former customers, friends, and the public in general, that he has leased and will occupy, on the 1st of May next, the house at present occupied by Mr. John Murphy, one door below his present Stand, having more extensive and better accommodations than heretofore, together with an addition of yard and stabling.

The Stand being very near the Courts of Justice, and proximate to the market offers great inducement to the man of business or pleasure, & he hopes by unwearied attention to his customers to merit a continuance of their favors.

January 27, 1836. 40-12w.

## BOOK AND BOOK BINDING!

THE subscriber has just received and now offers for sale, a general assortment of SCHOOL & MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.

which he will sell cheaper for cash than can be bought at any other establishment in this vicinity. Ruling and Book-Binding in all its branches executed with neatness and on reasonable terms.

JAMES RUSSELL.  
St. Albans, Oct. 27, 1835. 13-1y.

THE Public will please to take notice that Mr. John Brown has not fulfilled on his part, any part of the agreement he had with me. I will not be accountable for any WOOL that may be left at Mrs. Cutting's, or elsewhere, as there is no prospect of the Carding Machine going into operation at Lacolle Mills.

JOSEPH BLAIN.  
Lacolle, 3d June, 1836. V2.9uf.

## Black Snake



WILL stand for the use of MARES, the ensuing season, at the stable of the Subscriber, in

## FRELIGHSBURG.

TERMS—Five Dollars the Season.

N. B. All casualties at the risk of the OWNER.

JOHN BAKER.

Frelighsburg, May, 1836. V2-7uf

CASH paid for

Veal Skins

AN APPRENTICE wanted.

PLINY WOODBURY.

St. Armand, April 21st, 1836. V2.3 tf.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

All kinds of Job Printing, executed at this office on the shortest notice. A good supply of School certificates, blank deeds, &c. on hand, and at as low a rate as can be purchased at any other place.

Frelighsburg, February, 1836.

## 26,000 SUBSCRIBERS!

## PHILADELPHIA MIRROR

THE splendid patronage awarded to the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, induces the editors to commence the publication, under the above title, of a quarto edition of their popular journal, so long known to be the largest Family Newspaper in the United States, with a list of near TWENTY SIX THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.—The new feature recently introduced of furnishing their readers with new books with the best of literature of the day, having proved so eminently successful, the plan will be continued. Six volumes of the celebrated writings of Captain Marryatt, and sixty-five of Mr. Brooks valuable letters from Europe, have already been published without interfering with its news and miscellaneous rendering. The Courier is the largest and cheapest family newspaper ever issued in this country, containing articles in Literature, Science and Arts; Internal Improvement; Agriculture; in short every variety of topics usually introduced into a public journal. Giving full accounts of sales, markets, and news of the latest dates.

It is published at the low price of 2 dollars. For this small sum subscribers get valuable and entertaining matter, each week enough to fill a common book of 200 pages, and equal to 52 volumes a year, and which is estimated to be read, weekly, by at least two hundred thousand people, scattered in all parts of the country, from Maine to Florida, and from the sea board to the Lakes. The paper has been so long established as to render it too well known to require an extended prospectus, the publishers, will do no more than refer to the two leading daily political papers of opposite politics. The Pennsylvania says... 'The Saturday Courier is the largest, and one of the best family newspapers in the Union; the other, the enquirer and Daily Courier, says, 'it is the largest journal published in Philadelphia, and one of the very best in the United States.' The New York Star says we know of nothing more liberal on the part of the Editors, and no means more efficacious to draw out the dormant talents of our country, than their unexampled liberality in offering literary prizes.

The Albany Mercury of March 30th, 1836, says, 'the Saturday Courier, is decidedly the best Family Newspaper ever published in this or any other country, and its value is duly appreciated by the public, if we may judge from its vast circulation, which exceeds 25,000 per week! Its contents are agreeably varied, and each number contains more really valuable 'reading matter' than is published in a week in any daily paper in the Union.—Its mammoth dimensions enable its enterprising proprietors, Messrs. Woodward & Clarke of Philadelphia, to re-publish in its columns, in the course of the year, several of the most interesting new works that issue from the British press, which cannot fail to give to it a permanent interest, and render it worthy of preservation. To meet the wishes, therefore, of such of their subscribers as desire to have their numbers bound, they have determined on issuing an edition of the Courier in the Quarto form, which will render it much more convenient for reading when it is bound in a volume, and thus greatly enhance its value.'

## THE QUARTO EDITION.

Under the title of the Philadelphia Mirror, will commence with the publication of the Prize Tale, to which was awarded the prize of one hundred dollars, written by Miss Leslie, editor of the splendid Annual the Token, and author of Pencil Sketches and other valuable contributions to American Literature. A large number of songs, poems, tales, &c. offered in competition for the 500 dollars premiums, will add value and interest to the succeeding numbers, which will also be enriched by a story from Miss Sedgewick, author of Hope Leslie, The Linwoods, &c., whose talents have been so justly and extensively appreciated, both at home and abroad.

This approved FAMILY NEWSPAPER is entirely neutral in religious and political matters, and the uncompromising opponent of quackery of every kind.

## MAPS.

In addition to all of which the publishers intend furnishing their patrons with a series of engraved Maps, embracing the twenty-five States of the Union, &c exhibiting the situation, &c. of rivers, towns, mountains, lakes, the sea board, internal improvements, as displayed in canals, rail roads &c., with other interesting and useful features, roads distances, &c. forming a complete Atlas for general use and information, handsomely executed, and each distinct map on a large quarto sheet at an expense which nothing but the splendid patronage which for six years past has been so generously extended to them, could warrant.

## TERMS.

The Philadelphia Saturday Courier is still continued in its large form at the same price as heretofore. The Philadelphia Mirror being a quarto edition of the Saturday Courier, with its increased attractions, and printed on the best fine white paper of the same size as the New York Atlas, will be put at precisely one half the price of that valuable journal, viz; Three dollars per annum, payable in advance, (including the Maps.)

WOODWARD & CLARKE.  
Philadelphia.



## POETRY.

### THE THISTLE OF SCOTLAND, &c. (Written on the death of Burns, by J. Graham.)

Where the valiant are wearing  
The plaid and the plume,  
And the roses of beauty  
Are shedding their bloom,  
Where the green verdure  
The streamlet flows clear,  
The broad spreading thistle  
Is bathed with a tear.

The sweet mountain daisy  
That blooms on the gale,  
The Hawthorn tree spreading  
Adown the green vale  
To love and to feeling  
Sweet flowers they are dear,  
But like the green thistle  
Are bathed with a tear.

What sad heart is mourning?  
For every sweet flower  
Of the field and the garden,  
The grove and the bower,  
Are wet with a tear drop;  
'Tis Scotland that mourns,  
And bathes the green thistle  
With tears for her Burns.

Fair nature, thy beauties,  
He nicely could scan;  
How peerless that picture  
He painted of man;  
His heart's every feeling  
He sketched to the core,  
But ah! the sweet minstrel  
Breathes music no more.

Fair Colla with Scotland  
Is mingling her woe;  
Yet the green branch of holly  
She twined round his brow,  
Still blooms round his memory,  
But nothing can cheer,  
He's gone and the thistle  
Is bathed with a tear.

From the Token.

### CHOCORUA'S CURSE. BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HOBOMOK.'

The rocky county of Stafford, New Hampshire, is remarkable for its wild and broken scenery. Ranges of hills towering one above another, as if eager to look upon the beautiful country, which afar off lies sleeping in the embrace of heaven; precipices, from which the young eagles take their flight to the sun; dells rugged and tangled as the dominions of Roderick Vich Alpine, and ravines dark and deep enough for the death scene of a bandit, form the magnificent characteristics of this picturesque region.

A high precipice, called Chocorua's Cliff, is rendered peculiarly interesting by a legend which tradition has scarcely saved from utter oblivion. Had it been in Scotland, perhaps the genius of Sir Walter would have hallowed it, and Americans would have crowded there to kindle fancy on the altar of memory. Being in the midst of our own romantic scenery, it is little known, and less visited; for the vicinity is as yet untraversed by rail-roads or canals, and no 'Mountain House,' perched on these tremendous battlements, allures the traveller hither to mock the majesty of nature with the insipidities of fashion. Our distinguished artist, Mr. Cole, found the sunshine and the winds sleeping upon it in solitude and secrecy; and his pencil has brought it before us in its stern repose.

In olden time, when Goffe and Whalley passed for wizards and mountain spirits among the superstitious, the vicinity of the spot we have been describing was occupied by a very small colony, which, either from discontent or enterprise, had retired into this remote part of New Hampshire. Most of them were ordinary men, led to this independent mode of life from an impatience of restraint, which as frequently accompanies vulgar obstinacy as generous pride. But there was one master spirit among them, who was capable of a higher destiny than he ever fulfilled. The consciousness of this had stamped something of proud humility on the face of Cornelius Campbell; something of a haughty spirit strongly curbed by circumstances he could not control, and at which he scorned to murmur. He assumed no superiority; but unconsciously he threw around him the spell of intellect, and his companions felt, they knew not why, that he was 'among them, but not of them.' His stature was gigantic, and he had the bold, quick tread of one who had wandered frequently and fearlessly among the terrible hiding-places of nature. His voice was harsh, but his whole countenance possessed singular capabilities for tenderness of expression; and sometimes under the gentle influence of domestic excitement, his hard features would be rapidly lighted up, seeming like the sunshine flying over the shaded fields in an April day.

His companion was one peculiarly calculated to excite and retain the deep, strong energies of manly love. She had possessed extraordinary beauty; and had, in the full maturity of an excellent judgment, relinquished several splendid alliances, and incurred her father's displeasure, for the sake of Cornelius Campbell. Had political circumstances proved favorable, his talents and ambition would unquestionably have worked out a path to emolument and fame; but he had been a zealous and active enemy of the Stuarts, and the restoration of Charles the Second was the death warrant of his hopes. Immediate flight became necessary, and America was the chosen place of refuge. His adherence to Cromwell's party was not occasioned by religious sympathy, but by political views, too liberal and philosophical for the state of the people; therefore Cornelius Campbell was no favorite with our forefathers, and being of a proud nature, he withdrew with his family to the solitary place we have mentioned.

It seemed a hard fate for one who had from childhood been accustomed to indul-

gence and admiration, yet Mrs. Campbell enjoyed more than she had done in her days of splendor; so much deeper are the sources of happiness than those of gaiety. Even her face had suffered little from time and hardship. The bloom on her cheek, which in youth had been like the sweet pea blossom, that most feminine of all flowers, had, it is true, somewhat faded; but her rich, intellectual expression, did but receive additional majesty from years; and the exercise of quiet domestic love, which, where it is suffered to exist, always deepens and brightens with time, had given a bland and a placid expression, which might well have atoned for the absence of more striking beauty. To such a woman as Caroline Campbell, of what use would have been some modern doctrines of equality and independence?

With a mind sufficiently cultivated to appreciate and enjoy her husband's intellectual energies, she had a heart that could not have found another home. The bird will drop into its nest though the treasures of earth and sky are open. To have proved marriage a tyranny, and the cares of domestic life a thralldom, would have affected Caroline Campbell as little, as to be told that the pure, sweet atmosphere she breathed, was pressing upon her so many pounds to every square inch! Over such a heart, and such a soul, external circumstances have little power; all worldly interest was concentrated in her husband and babes, and her spirit was satisfied with that inexhaustible fountain of joy which nature gives and God has blessed.

A very small settlement, in such a remote place, was of course subject to inconvenience and occasional suffering. From the Indians they received neither injury nor insult. No cause of quarrel had ever arisen; and, although their frequent visits were sometimes troublesome, they never had given indications of jealousy or malice. Chocorua was a prophet among them, and as such an object of peculiar respect. He had a mind which education and motive would have nerved with giant strength; but growing up in savage freedom, it wasted itself in dark, fierce, ungovernable passions. There was something fearful in the quiet haughtiness of his lip—it seemed so like slumbering power, too proud to be lightly roused, and too implacable to sleep again. In his small, black, fiery eye, expression lay coiled up like a beautiful snake. The white people knew that his hatred would be terrible; but they had never provoked it, and even the children became too much accustomed to him, to fear him.

Chocorua had a son, about nine or ten years old, to whom Caroline Campbell had occasionally made such gaudy presents as were likely to attract his savage fancy. This won the child's affections, so that he became a familiar visitant, almost an inmate of their dwelling; and being unrestrained by the courtesies of civilized life, he would inspect everything, and taste of everything which came in his way. Some poison, prepared for a mischievous fox, which had long troubled the little settlement, was discovered and drunk by the Indian boy; and he went home to his father to sicken and die. From that moment jealousy and hatred took possession of Chocorua's soul. He never told his suspicions—he brooded over them in secret, to nourish the deadly revenge he contemplated against Cornelius Campbell.

The story of Indian animosity is always the same. Cornelius Campbell left his hut for the fields early one bright, balmy morning in June. Still a lover, though ten years a husband, his last look was turned towards his wife, answering her parting smile—his last action a kiss for each of his children. When he returned to dinner, they were all dead—all dead! and their disfigured bodies too cruelly showed that an Indian's hand had done the work!

In such a mind grief, like all other emotions, was tempestuous. Home had been to him the only verdant spot in the wide desert of life. In his wife and children he had garnered up all his heart; and now they were torn from him, the remembrance of their love clung to him like the death-grapple of a drowning man, sinking him down, down, into darkness and death. This was followed by a calm a thousand times more terrible—the creeping agony of despair, that brings with it no power of resistance.

'It was as if the dead could feel  
The icy worm around him steal.'

Such, for many days, was the state of Cornelius Campbell. Those who knew and revered him, feared that the spark of reason was forever extinguished. But it rekindled again, and with it came a wild, domestic spirit of revenge. The death-groan of Chocorua would make him smile in his dreams; and when he waked, death seemed too pitiful a vengeance for the anguish that was eating into his very soul.

Chocorua's brethren were absent on a hunting expedition at the time he committed the murder; and those who watched his movements observed that he frequently climbed the high precipice, which afterwards took his name, probably looking out for indications of their return.

Here Cornelius Campbell resolved to effect his deadly purpose. A party was formed under his guidance, to cut off all chance of retreat, and the dark-minded prophet was to be hunted like a wild beast to his lair.

The morning sun had scarce cleared away the fogs when Chocorua started at a loud voice from beneath the precipice, commanding him to throw himself into the deep abyss below. He knew the voice of his enemy, and replied with an Indian's

calmness. 'The Great Spirit gave life to Chocorua; and Chocorua will not throw it away at the command of a white man.' 'Then hear the Great Spirit speak in the white man's thunder!' exclaimed Cornelius Campbell, as he pointed his gun to the precipice. Chocorua, though fierce and fearless as a panther, had never overcome his dread of fire-arms. He placed his hand upon his ears to shut out the stunning report: the next moment the blood bubbled from his neck, and he reeled fearfully on the edge of the precipice. But he recovered himself, and, raising himself on his hands he spoke in a loud voice, that grew more terrific as its huskiness increased. 'A curse upon ye white men! May the Great Spirit curse ye when he speaks in the clouds, and his words are fire! Chocorua had a son—and ye killed him while the sky looked bright! Lightning blast your crops! Wind and fire destroy your dwellings! The Evil Spirit breathe death upon your cattle! Your graves lie in the war path of the Indian! Panthers howl, and wolves fatten over your bones! Chocorua goes to the Great Spirit—his curse stays with the white men!'

The prophet sunk upon the ground, still uttering inaudible curses—and they left his bones to whiten in the sun. But his curse rested on the settlement. The tomahawk and scalping knife were busy among them, the winds tore up trees and hurled them at their dwellings, their crops were blasted, their cattle died, and sickness came upon their strongest men. At last the remnant of them departed from the fatal spot to mingle with more populous and prosperous colonies. Cornelius Campbell became a hermit, seldom seeking or seeing his fellow men: and two years after he was found dead in his hut.

To this day the town of Burton, in New Hampshire, is remarkable for a pestilence which infects its cattle: and the superstitious think that Chocorua's spirit still sits enthroned upon his precipice, breathing a curse upon them.

On Monday evening about six o'clock, as the Gaoler and Turnkey of our town prison were proceeding to lock up the prisoners for the night in their respective cells at the usual hour, a most daring attempt was made at a general gaol delivery. Upon opening the door of the Hall leading to the cells, ten prisoners, able bodied ruffians, who had laid down behind the door, upon a preconcerted plan, rushed forward and attempted to make good their escape, and having secured two keys, locked up the keepers of the prison, so that they might have an opportunity of delivering their brethren, in the other sells that previously had been locked up, amounting to less than twelve. The scene of outrage which ensued can easily be imagined; even the wife of the gaoler who ran to enquire the cause of the outcry was severely maltreated. The exertions of the keepers of the gaol were used with the happiest effects for notwithstanding the desperate struggle to gain the advantage the prisoners were unable to extricate themselves before assistance was produced and all secured with one solitary exception, Moses Hinckley, a black man who in the confusion got free but every exertion is making to have him retaken. The gaoler and turnkey were both much injured though not seriously.—*Kings-ton Chronicle.*

CORSETS.—When we breathe, we take into the chest, or inhale, and give out, or expire a certain quantity of air, which can be measured by breathing through a curved tube into a glass bell full of water inverted over a pneumatic tub. Dr. Herbst of Gottingen, has lately been performing some curious experiments in relation to the quantity of air that is breathed. Now the commonest understanding will appreciate from them the value and comfort of full and unrestrained breathing. Dr. Herbst says, that a middle sized man 20 years old after a natural expiration or emission of air inspired or took in 80 cubic inches, when dressed, and 106 when his tight dress was loosened. After a full dilatation of the chest, he inhaled 126 cubic inches when undressed. Another young man, aged 21, after a natural expiration, took in 50 when dressed, and 96 when undressed. Had Dr. Herbst made his observations on some of the ladies, who carry the use of corsets to extremes, we apprehend that he would have obtained results of a nature really alarming. If the wheels of fashion, which revolve even more rapidly than that of fortune, would but bring up something oriental in costume, it would go far towards perfecting the objects of this journal, the public health.

At the Hotel-Dieu, the great hospital at Paris, a young girl of eighteen, lately presented herself to M. Bresche, for his advice. On the right side of her throat she had a tumour of variable size, but never bigger than one's fist; it reached from the collar bone as high as thyroid cartilage (called in common language, Adam's apple,) when pressed downwards it wholly disappears, but returns as soon as the pressure is removed; it is indolent, soft, and elastic. It is observed to be largest when the chest is laced tight in corsets. In short, by placing the ear on it the murmur of respiration can be heard in the tumour, which proves that a protrusion of the lungs has taken place; or, in other words, that this poor girl has been laced so tightly, that her lungs, having no longer sufficient space in their natural situation, are pushed out of it, and are forcing their way along up her neck. We often meet ladies dressed so cruelly,

that we wonder where their lungs and livers are gone to.—*Journal of Health.*

THE 'CLEAR OBSCURE.'—The learned Chancery Barrister, John Bell, K. C. the Great Bell of Lincoln, as he has been aptly called, was Seigneur Wrangler, on graduating B. A. at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1786, with many able competitors for that honor. He is likewise celebrated as every one knows, for writing three several hands; one only he himself can read, another nobody but his clerk can read, and a third neither himself, clerk, nor any body else can read. It was in the latter hand, he one day wrote to his legal contemporary and friend, the present Sir Launcelot Shadwell, inviting him to dinner. Sir Launcelot, finding all his attempts to decipher the note about as vain, as the wise men found theirs to unravel the cabalistic character of yore, took a sheet of paper, and having smeared it over with ink, folded and sealed it, and sent it as his answer. The receipt of it staggered even the Great Bell of Lincoln, and after breaking the seal, and eyeing it, and turning it round and round, he hurried to Mr. Shadwell's chamber with it, declaring he could make nothing of it. 'Nor I of your note,' retorted Mr. S. 'My dear fellow' exclaimed Mr. B, taking his own letter in his hand, 'is not this note as plain as can be...?' 'Dear Shadwell, I shall be glad to see you at dinner to day?' 'And is not this equally as plain,' said Mr. S. pointing to his own paper, 'My dear Bell, I shall be happy to come and dine with you?'—(Nuts to Crack.)

### SINGULARITY OF RECORDS.

There is perhaps, no one principle in human nature that leads to greater consequences, than the concentration of application to singular research.

But this, like every other principle, has occasionally strange and useless terminations, that may be called *luzuz nature* in mortals. As an instance of this I will present you with the result of a man's labor for three years, eight or nine hours in a day, Sundays not excepted, to determine the verses words and letters, contained in the bible:

Verses,	31,173
Words,	773,692
Letters,	3,566,480

The middle and the least chapter is the 117th Psalm.

The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 71st Psalm.

Jehovah is named 6,855 times. The middle of these Jehovahs is in the second Chronicles, 4th chapter and 16th verse.

The word and is found in the bible, 45,227 times.

The least verse in the old testament, is in first Chronicles, 1st and 10th verses.—The least in the new testament, 11th chapter of John, 36th verse.

### TERMS

Ten shillings currency per year, payable at the end of six months. If paid in advance 1s. 3d. will be deducted. If delayed to the close of the year 1s. 3d. will be added for every six months delay. Grain and most kinds of produce taken in payment.

To mail subscribers the postage will be charged in addition. No paper discontinued, except at the discretion of the publishers, until arrears are paid.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, two shillings for the first insertion, and 6d. for every subsequent insertion.

Above six lines and not exceeding ten, two shillings and nine pence; every subsequent insertion seven pence half penny.

Above ten lines, 3d per line for the first insertion, and one penny for each subsequent insertion.

A liberal discount to those who advertise by the year.

Advertisements not otherwise ordered will be inserted till forbid in writing and charged accordingly.

Communications must be addressed to JAMES MORRIS, Editor; and if by mail, post paid.

### STANDARD AGENTS.

W. Brent, Quebec.  
Daniel Campbell, Pigeon-hill.  
Elihu Crossett, St. Armand.  
Dr. H. N. May, Philipsburg.  
Galloway Freiligh, Bedford.  
Capt. Jacob Ruiter, Nelsonville, Dunham.  
Albert Barney, P. M., Churchville.  
Jacob Cook, P. M., Brome.  
P. H. Knowlton, Brome.  
Samuel Wood, M. P. P., Farnham.  
Whipple Wells, Farnham.  
Henry Boright, Sutton.  
William Davis, Stanbridge Ridge.  
Maj. Isaac Wiley, Henrysburg.  
Henry Wilson, La Cole.  
Levi A. Coit, Potton.  
Capt. John Powell, Richford, Vermont.  
Nathan Hale, Troy.  
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Capt. Daniel Salls, parish of St. George.  
E. M. Toof, Burlington, Vt.  
Enos Bartlett, jun., East part of Sutton.

Persons, wishing to become Subscribers to the Missiskoui Standard, will please leave their names with any of the above Agents, to whom also, or at the Office in Freilighsburg, all payments must be made.

### FRANKLIN STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY

SMITH, HARRINGTON & EATON, respectfully inform the printers at the Upper & Lower Provinces, and the public generally, that having established a

### STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY,

AT  
BURLINGTON, Vt.

they hold themselves ready to execute any work which a kind public may feel disposed to favor them with. They hazard nothing in saying that they can do work cheaper, and in as good style as can be done at any Foundry in the United States. Leads furnished at the Franklin Foundry, on the most reasonable terms.

A great variety of

### CUTS

on hand and for sale at the F. S. F.  
BLANKS of all kinds Stereotyped at short notice. Old Type taken in pay for work, at 9 cents per pound.  
College Street, Burlington Vt. }  
January 12 1836. }

### REV. H. N. DOWNS'

### Vegetable Balsamic ELIXIR;

FOR  
Coughs, Colds, Consumptions,  
Croup, Catarrh, Asthma, Whooping  
Cough, and all diseases of the  
Chest and Lungs.

PRICE 75 CENTS.

Sold wholesale by the Proprietor, at Georgia, Vt. and by J. CURTIS, Druggist, St. Albans, Vt. wholesale Agent, and Joint Proprietor, where all orders at wholesale or retail, will meet with immediate attention.

A few bottles of this invaluable medicine may be had of Munson & Co. Missiskoui Bay, Beardsly and Goodnow, Henryville, Samuel Maynard, Dunham, and Levi Kemp, St. Armand.

THE Subscriber will pay Cash for

Veal Calf Skins.

H. M. CHANDLER.  
Freilighsburg, 17th April, 1836. V2—24

### PROSPECTUS

of the  
*Emigrant & Old Countryman.*

This Journal is devoted to the Domestic and Local intelligence of ENGLAND, IRELAND SCOTLAND, and WALES.

The origin and the history of the Emigrant and of the Old Countrymen are known to all our readers. The two papers were by mutual agreement of the respective Proprietors united on the 7th of October last, and merged in one journal under the above title. The success so far has been highly flattering, and satisfies all the favorable expectations that were formed. At the period of the junction a great improvement was made, both in matter and manner of getting up, which the Proprietor has every reason to believe has met with the greatest approbation. The editorial management was assigned to A. D. Paterson, Esq., a native of the Old Country, and a gentleman of classical attainments and literary acquirements. His efforts have been crowned with success.

The Emigrant and Old Countryman is intended for use of the numerous British residents upon this continent—its details consisting of all the local news of the three Kingdoms; the numerous occurrences in the Mining, Agricultural, and Manufacturing districts, as well as the mighty Metropolis of England. The Internal Improvements, the corporation proceedings of the different towns and cities, remarkable Trials, &c., are faithfully recorded; also the sporting intelligence, state of the Markets, list of Bankrupts and Insolvents, &c. &c., all arranged under distinct heads, and adapted to such British residents in this country as cannot obtain access to the English papers.

The politics of the Emigrant and Old Countryman are liberal and impartial, and not warped by any feeling of party spirit whatever.

It is published every Wednesday at No. 77 Cedar-street, New York, at Three Dollars per annum payable in advance.

The extensive circulation of the Emigrant and Old Countryman among people from the old country, renders it an excellent vehicle for land and other advertisements, conveying information to persons lately arrived in this country.

The new volume commenced on the 6th ult., being the first Wednesday of the month.

The Proprietor and Editor return their hearty thanks to the public for the extraordinary patronage they have received, and pledge themselves that no efforts shall be wanting to render themselves worthy of it. As a proof of the rapidly extending circulation of the united papers, we may state that in the first three months after the junction, say from the 7th of October to the 7th of January, Four hundred and twenty four new subscribers were added.

### THE LARGEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES.

THIS is not said in the spirit of vain boasting but because it can, with strict justice be declared of the PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER, which contains each week upwards of TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY distinct articles, in prose and poetry. Literature—science—the arts—the latest foreign and domestic news—police reports—sporting intelligence—notice of new works—besides an immense fund of miscellaneous intelligence—the drama—marriages—deaths—price of produce, merchandise, stocks, &c.—engravings—internal improvements, rail roads, canals—travelling—agriculture, &c. &c. embracing every variety of topics that can possibly be introduced into a public journal.

The Philadelphia Saturday Courier now established for near five years, is, we believe, universally acknowledged to have the largest number of Subscribers,

20,000!!

The largest variety of literature, entertainment and news, as well as being the largest and cheapest newspaper published in the United States. Notwithstanding its enormous dimensions, it is printed on a splendid Napier Steam Press, with unexampled rapidity; thus giving the account of sales markets and news to the latest dates.

The Philadelphia Saturday Courier is published at the low price of 2 dollars. For this small sum subscribers get valuable and entertaining matter, each week, enough to fill a common book of 200 pages, and equal to fifty volumes a year, and which is estimated to be read weekly, by 150,000 to 200,000 people, scattered in all parts of the country, from Maine to Florida, and from the seaboard to the Lakes.

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS and upwards have already been expended by the publishers of the Saturday Courier in Literary prizes and in payment to American writers.—FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS will shortly be offered in prizes for enriching its columns, the promotion of Knowledge, and the encouragement of American literature, of liberality believed to be unprecedented as their success has already been unexampled.

Orders, enclosing the address and amount of subscription and post paid, in all cases, will be carefully attended to, if addressed to

WOODWARD & CLARKE,  
Franklin Place, Philadelphia, Pa.

### RECOMMENDATORY NOTICE.

From the multitude of these, we refer the stranger to a brief extract, from one only for the sake of brevity, viz:

The Saturday Courier is the largest weekly journal published in Philadelphia, and certainly one of the very best in the United States.—[Pennsylvania Daily Inquirer.]